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# GETTING READY FOR THE BIG FIGHT

# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1899.

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## THIS WEEK--FRANK ERNE, THE BUFFALO LIGHTWEIGHT



FELL THROUGH THE STAGE TRAP.

CHORUS GIRLS STEP ON THE WRONG SPOT IN A ST. LOUIS THEATRE AND GET A SHAKING UP.



RICHARD K. FOX  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

NEW YORK AND LONDON

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## INTERESTING GOSSIP GLEANED FROM THE VARIETY STAGE

Continuous Vaudeville Houses Are Getting All the Money Just Now, and are Flourishing in Consequence.

MAUD SULLIVAN, A SOUTHERN BEAUTY, MAKES HER DEBUT

Madeline Marshall and Maud Detty Have a New Singing Sketch--Kilroy and Britton Playing Favorites--Maribel Seymour in Her Own Songs.

Maud Sullivan, the popular Southern actress, will make her first New York appearance with the soldier-actor, Mortimer Kaplan, in a sketch called "The Soldier's Revenge" at Berkeley Lyceum on June 1.

Madeline Marshall and Maud Detty have formed a partnership and will be seen in a new and

back of a live snapping turtle, which came by express, and has shown an alarming disposition to bite the legs of Mr. Vion's chairs and tables.

The Chappelle Sisters closed with the close of "Gus" Hill's "Tammany Tigers," after a pleasant season of thirty-two weeks. They opened May 1 at Springfield, Mass. The Springfield Bicycle Club held



Love Letters Are Read By the Fair Coryphees  
To Their Friends

original singing, dancing and talking specialty, especially written for them.

Kilroy and Britton played at Donaldson's benefit recently and made a big hit. Mae Britton was presented with a beautiful large bouquet by the John McGrath Association of the First Assembly District.

Maribel Seymour has closed her season with Edwin Mayo's "Pudd'n'head Wilson" company, and is at work on a sketch for the vaudeville stage in which she will introduce her own songs.

After a successful two weeks' season at Keith's Bijou, Philadelphia, Papinta is now at the Keith house in Boston, where she will remain for the next week. She will sail for Europe at the conclusion of her tour of the Keith circuit.

Charles Leonard Fletcher introduced a travesty on "The Prodigate" in his new sketch at Keith's Theatre in Boston, and scored an emphatic success, receiving a hearty curtain call at every performance.

Lizzie B. Raymond will sail for England on June 14, to open at the Tivoli, London, Aug. 7.

Charles E. Grapewin, the vaudeville comedian, greatly surprised Joseph Vion, his agent, by sending in his open time gracefully inscribed upon the

### THE FATE OF A LIBERTINE

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12, and Emma Krause, Lottie Britt and the original Dutch pickaninnies, Lizzie B. Raymond, the Clerisse Sisters, May Mooney, Masse, and Harry and Sadie Fields will be in the bill.

Chantrell and Schuyler have been playing a series of entertainments in Connecticut towns, under the management of W. S. Miller.

Jennie De Witt will hereafter be known as Jennie De Witt Gleason.

Hickey and Nelson have returned from Europe and will play the summer parks. They have signed with Rice and Barton for next season.

"Jack" Crawford and the Washburn Sisters have signed with A. H. Woodhull for the "High Rollers" next season.

John J. Cain, formerly of Felix and Cain, and Wm. Mitchell, comedian for five years with "On the Bowery" Company, have joined hands.

Emma Carus is always in demand. She is one of the best voiced and most attractive vocalists on the stage to-day, and her services are very much in demand.

"Press" Eldridge, Aunt Louisa's big boy, is still "Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Fun." He is one of the original burnt-cork men in the business.

Watson and Hutchings were at Keith's Union Square Theatre last week with their clever sketch.

Van and Nobriga with their pickaninnies are doing the vaudeville houses now. They were at Proctor's last week as good as ever.

Sidney Clifford will next season be seen in a new comedy sketch by Barney Gerard. Mr. Clifford will take on a new female partner who is said to be a very clever singer and dancer. Mr. Clifford is spoken of as a second Arthur Dunn. He is a talented young man and is very lively on his feet.

Barney Gerard is making final arrangements for the production of his comedy sketch, "A Grand Mistake." The sketch will be presented in first class style and by competent people. It is spoken of as very funny and original.

The Russell Brothers, whose act seems never to grow old, were at Pastor's last week where they repeated all their former successes.

William Sidney Hillyer is the author of "The Boston Boy," which Robert Fischer will shortly produce in the vaudeville houses.

Charles N. Sumner, the popular stock actor, has gone into vaudeville, using a monologue sketch entitled "Those Awful Boots," in which he impersonates a refined colored actress.

The Chappelle Sisters played at Shea's houses in Springfield and Worcester with great success.

Edward F. Golligan, agent of Belle Archer's Company the past season and next, will soon produce his dog and pony show, playing in summer gardens and parks, beginning in Taunton, Mass., on June 5.

Charles W. Butler, of the Lyceum Theatre Stock Company, will join Amy Lee in vaudeville at the conclusion of the season of "Trelawny of the Wells."

Josephine Florence Shepard, a recent recruit to the vaudeville ranks, is appearing with Louise Thorndike-Boucicault in "A Proper Impropriety."

Robert K. Scanlon and Kitty D. Miley will sail for Paris on July 4, and will remain there for a year, to enable Miss Miley to have costumes made for her starring tour season of 1901-1902.

Ferdinand Singh has accepted an engagement as pianist at Keith's Boston house.

Rita O'Neill will soon appear in vaudeville in her rural sketch, "The Girl From Missouri." Eugene Powers will assist in the production.

Josephine Gassman has had to secure two new pickaninnies, as the originals disappeared from St. Louis recently.

Alma Morgan, who has recently arrived here from England, will appear in vaudeville in a sketch called "Cleopatra."

BASEBALL LEAGUE RECORDS  
The 1899 POLICE GAZETTE SPORTING ANNUAL gives complete statistics on this most popular amateur sport. Price, 10 cents. At all newsdealers or direct from this office.

## WELL-AIMED LASSO DRAGS CHESTER, PA., YOUTH TO DEATH

Threw His Noose Around the Neck of an Engineer on a Moving Switch Engine and Nearly Strangled Him.

### WHIRLED ON THE ROADBED FOR TWO BLOCKS.

Singular and Remarkable Fatal Accident Which Has Created a Great Sensation in the Little Pennsylvania Town.

One of the most remarkable, as well as one of the most sensational tragedies of the day, was the unfortunate death recently at Chester, Pa., of young Francis Beaumont, who lassoed Engineer George A. Hunter while the latter was on his engine.

The accident was a most remarkable one, and its like has never before occurred.

It seems that the youths of Chester have been of late trying to acquire dexterity with the lariat, and the boy who doesn't own a piece of clothes line or a rope of some description was very much to be pitied.

The railroad tracks run along Front street, and every evening, shortly after 6 o'clock, the local shifter, No. 56, of the Reading railroad, goes up Front street on the way to the yards of the freight station at Market street, where it is run on the siding and abandoned for the night.

It was just about this time the other night when the usual crowd of youths gathered at the corner of Front and Franklin streets; they all had their lariats in their hands and throwing them at some object. The Beaumont home is but a half-square further down and when Francis had finished his supper he went out and joined the crowd. All went well for a time until about 6:40 o'clock shifter No. 56 came up the tracks of the railroad in charge of Engineer George A. Hunter and Fireman James Irving, of Third street, near Welsh. The engine was running backwards and the engineer was sitting with his head and shoulders out of the cab window watching ahead for danger.

As the engineer crossed Franklin street, young Beaumont gave his rope a few swings and then tossed it at the head of the engineer. He did not see it coming and in another instant the noose had fallen around his neck and tightened. No serious trouble would have occurred had not Beaumont tied the other end of the lariat around his wrist, thereby allowing no opportunity to release himself. After the boy found that he had proved so skillful with the rope he realized his danger; his face paled as he braced himself to receive the shock to inevitably follow. It came, and with a shriek of terror the lad was thrown to the ground and the noose at the same time tightened around the neck of Engineer Hunter and only by a miracle he was not pulled entirely out of the cab window. His head and shoulders were pulled out and he was unable to reach back and stop the engine. The rope was so tight that he could not shout or in any other manner attract the attention of Fireman Irving, and he was compelled to hang there slowly choking to death, and at the same time dragging the boy along at the end of the rope which had been thrown around his neck. It was a terrible sight.

When the lad was pulled from his feet he fell upon his stomach and screaming with terror was dragged along in that position for probably thirty yards until he struck his head against the switch leading into Liley's mill. The shock knocked him senseless and laid his head open, at the same time turning him over on his back. In that position he was dragged, bounding and bouncing along on the end of ties, never more than a few inches from the track, but not under the car wheels.

After the engine had passed Concord avenue, the fireman for some reason got down from his side of the cab and went to the tank, but upon looking was surprised to see the body of his engineer hanging partially out of the window. It was not necessary for him to take a second glance before he saw the rope around the neck.

With rare presence of mind he drew his knife and without having the slightest idea of what was at the other end he cut the rope and it took but a second for Engineer Hunter to recover his senses and he immediately reversed the engine and put on the brakes, stopping in about two car lengths.

The mangled, bruised and torn body of the lad was picked up and carried home. Dr. W. W. Johnson was summoned, and upon his arrival found that life was not extinct, although there was but a slight beat of the heart, which finally faded out and stopped entirely a half hour later. The most severe injury was about the head; the scalp had been completely torn away, while the rear of the skull had been battered into a jelly and the brain matter was oozing out. Both of the boy's legs were broken; one knee cap shattered, shoulder dislocated, and there were sundry cuts and bruises about the body.

At first it was thought that the unfortunate lad had a chance to live, and the patrol wagon was soon on the scene in charge of Officer Long for the purpose of removing him to Chester Hospital, but it was not necessary.

Spectators of the tragedy say that Engineer Hunter presented a thrilling sight as he hung out of the cab window, and that he was choked until black in the face and his tongue was hanging out of his mouth;

they expected to see him fall from the cab window at any moment.

**Who mixes your cocktail in the morning?**  
Send a complimentary paragraph about him for publication in the bartenders column of the POLICE GAZETTE.

### KENWICK AND RYAN.

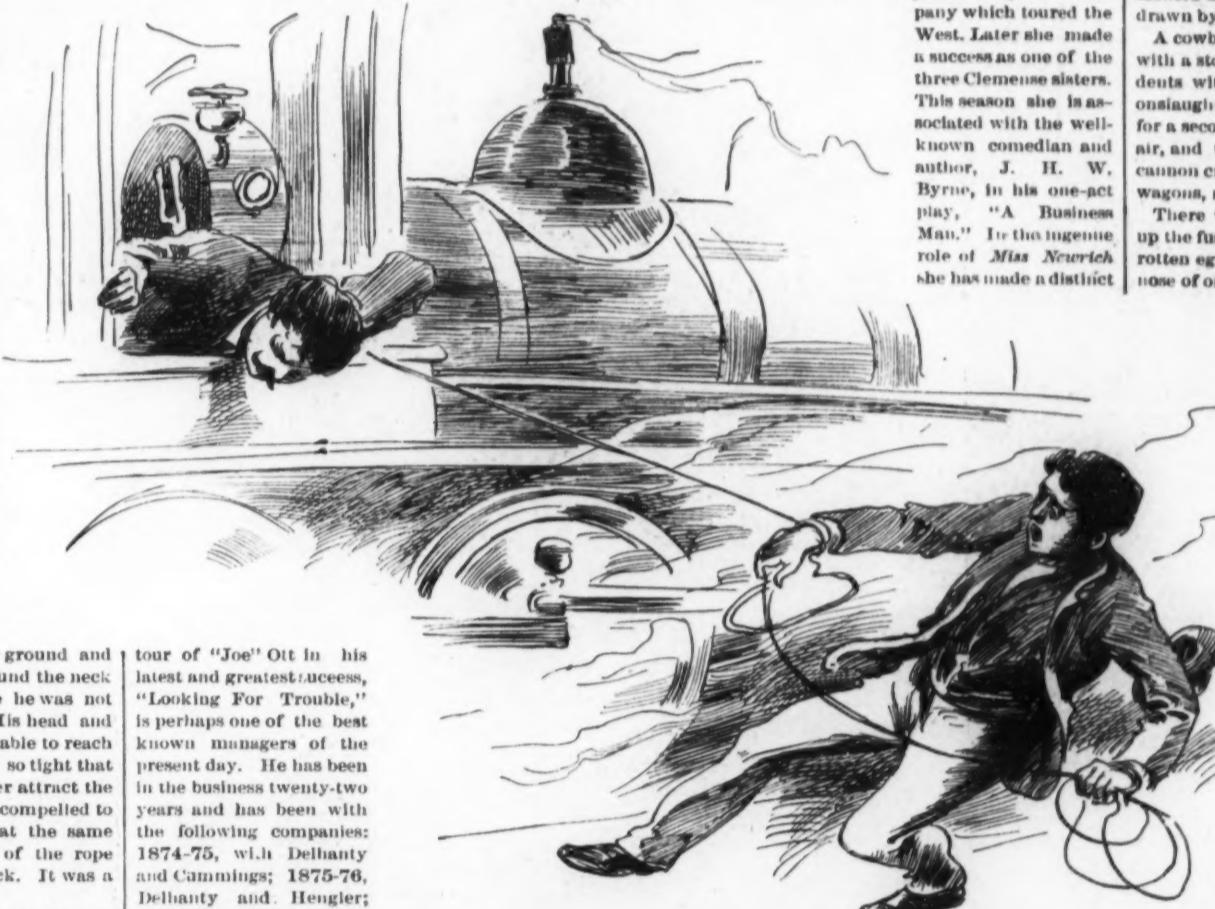
[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The Misses Kenwick and Ryan have adopted travesty as their specialty, and the their selection is a wise one has been shown by the overwhelming success which has crowned their efforts.

### JOSEPH P. HARRIS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Joseph P. Harris, who has this season directed the



He Lassoed the Engineer on a Running Train and was Dragged to Death.

N. Y., Chief Campbell has made for himself a record of which any man might well be proud. He is very popular with men who have the honor to serve under him, notwithstanding the fact that he is a strict disciplinarian, and he is a credit to the city which he protects.

### D. S. GASTER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The present superintendent of police of New Orleans, La., is D. S. Gaster, a man who enjoys the confidence and esteem of all the people of the Crescent City. Never before has the police department of the city been so effective, and that it is so due entirely to the businesslike methods of the present head of the department.

### MOUNG CHIT AND MOUNG TOON.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

These two wonderful men, who come from far away India, have been giving the patrons of Koster & Bial's Music Hall in New York city a treat in the shape of a novel game of football. The ball in this case is made of wicker work and the performers keep it in the air by kicking it with their feet. They never touch it with their hands.

### LILLIAN BEACH.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the most finished as well as the most effective vocalists known to theatre-goers is Miss Lillian Beach, who made her appearance a short time ago in burlesque. She is a clever woman, and her rendition of popular ballads has made her a prime favorite.

### MLLE. RAYE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the most remarkable female contortionists who ever appeared before an audience is Mlle. Raye, a charming young artiste who was with May Howard's show a couple of seasons ago. During that tour Mlle. Raye made a distinct and decided hit.

### MARGUERITE MA BELL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Miss Ma Bell was for several years prima donna in a juvenile opera company which toured the West. Later she made a success as one of the three Clemence sisters. This season she is associated with the well-known comedian and author, J. H. W. Byrne, in his one-act play, "A Business Man." In the ingenue role of Miss Newrich she has made a distinct

## STUDENTS MOB A WILD WEST SHOW

The Boys of Princeton Gave Pawnee Bill a Hot Reception.

### MANY COLLEGIANS INJURED.

Indians and Cowboys Pelted With Eggs and Big Fire Crackers.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

THE was a hot time in the old college town of Princeton, N. J., the other day when Pawnee Bill's Wild West show undertook to parade the streets. It got a whirlwind reception from the boys of the university, and the fight that followed was one of the hottest ever seen in the town.

There were at least a thousand students lined up on Nassau street, and they greeted the paraders with volleys of exploding cannon firecrackers and eggs that were a trifle old.

First came the band and then several wagons, each drawn by six or eight horses. Pawnee Bill, mounted on a mustang, headed the horsemen, and the Indians and cowboys spread themselves about the wagons as an imaginary guard, giving vent to fierce war whoops. All went well until the turn into Nassau street was made. The sidewalks for two blocks were black with students, and the first man of the show to turn the corner was received with screeches that made the war whoops sound like catcalls. The Indians and cowboys scattered dander in an instant, but the first blood was drawn by their adversaries.

A cowboy named "Big Mouth" was hit on the wrist with stone. He retaliated by lashing several students with a whip. This was the signal for a general onslaught by the college party. Dead silence prevailed for a second while a myriad of sparks flickered in the air, and then there was one report after another as cannon crackers exploded among the occupants of the wagons, most of whom were women.

There were cries for mercy, but the college boys kept up the fusillade, following the crackers with a volley of rotten eggs. A firecracker exploded right under the nose of one of six horses attached to the band wagon, and a general stampede followed.

Indians and cowboys made one frantic effort to get away. Eight blocks down the street their flight was checked by Pawnee Bill, who rode among his disordered forces and told them they must return and protect his property.

Another volley of firecrackers met them, and the cowboys rode in among the students. Two students were badly hurt. One of the cowboys got his lasso over the head of a student and started to drag him down the street. The collegian yelled for help and some of his friends freed him from the lasso.

Eight horses dragging a wagon took flight and bolted down the street, scattering the combatants right and left. A negro fell under one of the horses and was picked up unconscious. Through the crowd went the wagon, while the women in it screamed. It disappeared down the road in a cloud of dust. Pawnee Bill tried to pull his men together after this, but everything was in confusion.

The parade by this time had become a mad race for the show grounds. A horse ridden by a cowboy in the rush was cut severely in two places with a knife. The students followed as far as the grounds, but peace was eventually brought about by the lady snake charmer, who implored the boys to spare her friends. They gave her a cheer and departed.

The seriousness of the affair caused President Patton to call a meeting of the students, at which he forbade them to attend the performance. He made a little speech to the boys, in which he deplored their action as reflecting on the university's good name.

"I am very much disturbed," he said, "by the occurrence this morning. It was absolutely unnecessary and wholly wrong. I am not competent to say whether the students or the circus men are at fault, but unless I am greatly misinformed the things which were done by the circus men were done under great provocation.

"I have reason to apprehend trouble. The circus men are annoyed and angry and thoroughly agreed to protect themselves against your interference. If trouble occurs there through your presence these men are going to shoot, and they can shoot. You have no special immunity that I know of from a bullet of a Winchester. I feel a responsibility for your lives, and I shall take unusual and what you may think high-handed action. By virtue of the authority vested in me I do hereby issue an order that no student shall go to the circus. If he goes he goes at his own peril and must suffer the consequences that may follow."

### OF COURSE IT'S A GOOD THING.

BENNETT, Pa., May 19th, 1899.

RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: I have seen one of your "Sporting Annuals" the other day and I thought it a good thing to have in my barber shop, so you here find ten cents for which send it as soon as possible.

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LILLIAN BEACH.

SHE IS ONE OF THE BEST SOPRANOS ON THE STAGE  
TO-DAY, AND IS POPULAR.



Mlle. RAYE.

AS A CONTOURNIST SHE HAS NO EQUAL. AND HER  
ACT ALWAYS AROUSES ENTHUSIASM.



Photo by Fr. J. Kuhlich, New York.

BELL SISTERS.

THEY KEEP A THEATRICAL RESORT AT  
172 ORANGE ST., NEWARK, N. J.



LIZZIE HOWE.

TWO FAVORITES OF THE VAUDEVILLE STAGE WHO HAVE MADE A HIT WITH  
BRIGHT DIALOGUE AND CLEVER SONGS.



CLARA GLADNEY.



Photo by J. B. Wilson, Chicago.

MARGUERITE MA BELL.  
BRIGHT PARTNER OF J. H. W. BYRNE,  
COMEDIAN AND AUTHOR.



Photo by Feinberg, New York.

KENWICK AND RYAN.

TALENTED TRAVESTY ARTISTS WHOSE LEGITIMATE METHODS AND CLEVER  
STAGE WORK ENTITLE THEM TO DISTINCTION.



DID A SKIRT DANCE ON THE STREET.

SENSATIONAL TERPSICHOREAN INCIDENT ON A MAIN THOROUGHFARE OF LITTLE ROCK, ARK.



ARRESTED AND THEN KISSED.

YOUNG MAN OF MEMPHIS, TENN., ALLOWED TO SALUTE HIS GIRL BEFORE GOING TO JAIL



THREW KISSES TO THE TAILOR.

AN INSANE WOMAN OF NEW ORLEANS, LA., SHOCKS AN AGED MAKER OF COATS AND VESTS.

## PRETTY GIRL WATCHED MEN FIGHT FOR HER LOVE

Two Swains of Middletown, Md., Settle Their Long Rivalry by Three Rounds With Bare Knuckles.

SHE WAS THERE WITH HER FATHER AND MOTHER.

The Heavyweight Lover Was Too Strong For His Opponent and Chased Him All Over the Battle-Ground Before He Quit.

There was a great battle between two courageous and desperate men near Middletown, Md. It was bitterly contested from start to finish, and the strongest as well as the most sensational feature about it was that the young girl, for the smiles of whom the men were battling, was with her father, mother and younger sister, an interested spectator from start to finish, and took more than ordinary interest in the proceedings.

There were, besides, a great number of spectators, who had been attracted to the place by the novelty of the contest.

Both the men had been admirers of the young woman for a long time, and previous to meeting her had been the best of friends. They both courted her assiduously, but she showed no apparent preference for either.

From firm friends they became bitter enemies, and several times they quarreled and were on the verge of fighting when matters were smoothed over.

Both proposed to the girl at different times, and she rejected both, saying she could not decide whom she liked best.

The courtship caused considerable excitement in and around Middletown, and several small bets were made upon the success of the love-lorn swains.

Finally the situation reached a critical point, and the suspense became almost unendurable to the two young men.

One day they met, and after a brief conversation agreed to fight a battle for the girl, "Police Gazette" rules to govern. When they had decided upon this course they both went to her and told her what they proposed to do.

"All right," she said, "if that's the only way you can settle it, then go and fight it out."

"Well, will you marry the man who wins?" asked one.

"Yes, certainly. I will marry the man who wins if it is a square fight," she answered. "And what is more, I will go and see it."

That settled it, and it didn't take long to make arrangements. The time selected was Sunday afternoon, and the place a smooth plot of ground under a spreading birch tree.

The news of the coming contest spread with great rapidity, and all the countryside made arrangements to attend the pugilistic festivities, in which the stakes were a pretty girl's hand and heart.

At the time appointed the men appeared promptly, accompanied by friends whom they had selected to act as seconds and advisers.

The girl was among the first to arrive, and she was escorted to a favorable spot by her father, mother and little sister.

By the time all the preliminaries were arranged several hundred people had arrived and taken up places from whence they could view the proceedings.

When the men came together it was seen that one of them had very much the advantage in size, weight and strength, while the smaller of the two was more active and scientific.

The first round was opened by the big fellow landing on his opponent's throat, while he glanced over at the girl and smiled. But the smile faded away a moment later when he got a hard punch in the stomach which made him open his mouth and gasp for breath.

The fight was fast and furious and there wasn't much attempt at science, and the pace was so fast that as the round closed the smaller of the two men was compelled to grasp a small tree for support.

In the second round all rules were forgotten, and the contest developed into a rough-and-tumble affair, and it was a cinch that the man with the most endurance would get the girl.

The big fellow went at the other with a rush, swinging left and right, which he evaded by running away. The big man then chased him around the tree, landed his left lightly on the right shoulder, swinging his right for the head, which fell short, and in return got a left-hand jab under the right eye, which started the blood. Both men were very weak and short of wind. The heavyweight kept doing all the work and again chased his man around the birch tree, and finally both clinched, and the round ended with the two holding on to the tree for support.

In the third and last round the heavyweight came up much refreshed and made a dive for his little opponent, the latter using all his remaining strength and activity to keep the tree between himself and his adversary.

Finding his strength failing, he called on the seconds to take the big man away and he would give up, practically acknowledging him to be his superior.

The referee had nothing else to do but declare the winner, who, with a broad grin, walked over to where the girl sat. He shook hands with her and all her

folks, and then he went around among his friends in the crowd, shaking hands.

Finally he went over to his defeated opponent and shook hands with him, saying:

"Cheer up, old man, better luck next time."

"I hope so," was the reply, "but this time you were too big for me."

"Don't fail to come to the wedding," he said.

"No, I'll be there and eat piece of the cake."

And so the great fight ended.

**DO YOU KNOW A GOOD SALOONKEEPER? HIS NAME OUGHT TO BE IN THE BARTENDERS COLUMN OF THE POLICE GAZETTE.**

**JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK.**

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

John C. Kirkpatrick enjoys the distinction of being one of the most popular members of the Olympic Athletic Club of San Francisco, Cal., the most conservative and exclusive sporting organization in that section of the country. Mr. Kirkpatrick's energy and

skill in the various sports have won him many friends.

**ARTHUR AKERS.**

and in consequence their services are very much in demand.

**BELL SISTERS.**

[WITH PORTRAITS.] The Bell Sisters, as Bijou L. Price and Annie Bell Hughes are known, are the joint proprietors of one of the most popular theatrical resorts in Newark, N. J. Their place is at 172 Orange street. They are both talented, and are the best of entertainers.

**ARRESTED AND THEN KISSED.**

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A young man of Memphis, Tenn., who was arrested the other day for a slight offence, begged the officer to allow him to kiss his girl before he was taken away.

"If it will do you any good I will let you," responded that worthy.

"Well, it won't do me any harm," he replied, and he got the kiss.

**DID A SKIRT DANCE ON THE STREET.**

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A remarkably pretty young woman did a remarkable dance on the street at Little Rock, Ark., the other day before a crowd of highly interested citizens. No one knew who she was, or why she danced, but the scene was a highly entertaining one until an officer of the law came along and broke it up.

**ARTHUR AKERS.**

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Arthur Akers is an English pugilist who enjoys the distinction of having fought many times and oft and who was at one time looked upon in England as a championship possibility.

**CAPT. G. MELVILLE BOYNTON.**

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Capt. G. Melville Boynton is the man who accomplished the singularly perilous feat of walking 2,070 miles through Spain, the last 1,322 of which was performed while wearing the colors of "Old Glory," at the close of the Hispano-American war. He returned to America on the steamship *Lucania* on April 29th.

It will be remembered that Capt. Boynton left San Francisco to traverse the globe afoot without funds of any kind on a wager of \$50,000 made by three California friends, and he will return to collect his part of



They Fought for the Girl's Hand While the Girl Looked On.

labor on behalf of the club gained for him substantial recognition in the shape of his election to the presidency of the organization, a position which he fills with grace, dignity and ability.

**JAMES M. DEAN.**

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Among the contestants in the forthcoming six-day go-as-you-please race at Madison Square Garden, New York, beginning June 12, will be a young colored lad named James M. Dean, who is believed to be capable of eclipsing Frank Hart's famous performance on the tandem. They say this fellow Dean is a wonder and will cut quite a figure in the race during its final hours.

**IT HAS MANY READERS.**

LITCHFIELD, ILL., May 19, 1899.

RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: Enclosed find 10 cents for a copy of the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual." The POLICE GAZETTE has many readers here and is appreciated. The "Sporting Annual" will be very useful to me in deciding any differences among the boys. Yours respectfully, BERT AMSENDE.

**LIZZIE HOWE AND CLARA GLADNEY**

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

There are few women on the vaudeville stage who are better than the Misses Howe and Gladney. They do a sketch which is replete with wit and humor to keep the trees between himself and his adversary.

FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES

"A MODERN SIREN." Now ready. One of the spicest and most sensational novels ever published. Unique colored illustrations. Translated from the French. Elegantly illustrated. Mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents. POLICE GAZETTE, Franklin Square, New York.

## NEGRO KILLS A POLICE SERGEANT

Then Badly Wounds an Officer Who Went to the Rescue.

STOOD OFF THE RESERVES

Held the Fort Until the House He Was in Was Set On Fire.

Humphrey Taylor, a desperate negro, who the police of Washington, D. C., suspected of being the man implicated in the Rosenstein murder at Shadwell, Md., the other day shot and killed in the Capitol City Police Sergeant Fritz Passau, wounded Policeman Gow and kept a posse of half a dozen officers at bay from the loft of a house for nearly two hours. Dozens of shots were exchanged between the officers and the fugitive, who only surrendered when preparations were made to burn the premises.

About a week ago one morning Louis Rosenstein and his wife, who kept a small store at Shadwell, were found insensible and badly wounded in their storeroom. Rosenstein soon died from his injuries and the woman is believed to be near death.

Suspicion fell upon a negro named Humphrey Taylor, alias Brown, who had disappeared. The police of Washington were notified and a strict watch has been kept for the man.

A negro answering the description of Taylor was seen the other night, and information received by the police led them to believe their man was living in a small house on Fowler's Hill, a settlement about a quarter of a mile west of Georgetown.

In the morning Taylor was seen to enter the place and word was immediately sent to the nearest precinct station, and a posse of officers hurried to the place. The men were posted about the house, while Passau, Gow and another officer attempted to gain admittance through the front door.

Finally the door was forced. The two small rooms on the first floor were empty and the officers ascended to the second story. As they passed into the rear apartment Taylor opened fire from the trap door of a cock loft.

Sergeant Passau sank to the floor dead, with two bullets through his chest. His companions rushed forward and Policeman Gow opened fire through the trap, but failed to hit the fugitive.

Taylor, however, retreated to the corner of the loft, and, realizing his advantage, the officers picked up the body of the sergeant and retreated. Gow received a bullet in his right hand, badly shattering it, and another struck his metal badge and glanced downward the entire length of his coat.

The reserves of two precincts were called out and the house surrounded. Meanwhile word of the affair and the shooting had attracted several thousand persons. Occasionally the negro would fire a shot at the officers and immediately a volley would answer it, but no one was hurt.

Finally, Chief of Police Sylvester and District Commissioner Wright were communicated with and the latter directed the police to fire the premises.

A mattress was secured, saturated with oil, and the officers began to remove the furniture. Seeing the game was hopeless, Taylor surrendered.

Surrounded by officers with drawn revolvers, he was hustled out of the house to the patrol wagon, when the crowd surged forward with shouts of "Lynch him!" "Burn him!" and made a rush for the prisoner.

The coolness of the officers, however, saved Taylor, though he was rather badly disfigured by blows from the nearest of the crowd. All the way to the station house the mob followed the wagon, shouting for vengeance, and lingered about the building when he was safely in a cell.

## A HUSTLING NEWSDEALER.

James E. Foley of Xenia, O., is one of the brightest and best known men in town. He is a newsdealer, and by his indefatigable attention to business has not only made hosts of friends but has built up for himself a business of which he may well be proud. He sells a great many POLICE GAZETTES, and he says the supplements have made a great hit with the Ohio sports, as well as the saloonkeepers and barbers of Xenia.

## THREW KISSES TO THE TAILOR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.] A demented woman broke away from her keepers in New Orleans, La., the other day, and took a walk down Canal street. She stopped at a tailor shop where an aged tailor was sewing some buttons on a coat. She stepped into the doorway and began throwing kisses at him.

He was so shocked that he yelled for the police, and the female with the mania for long distance osculation was taken into custody.

## FOUR FAMOUS FIGHTERS

Homan, H. Morrissey and Yankee Sullivan, and their many great fights. An interesting account of these old-timers. All in one book. Illustrated. Price, only 25 cents. All newsdealers. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

FOR ALL THE LATEST GOSSIP OF THE COMING FIGHT READ THE POLICE GAZETTE

## “FITZ” IN TRAINING FOR HIS FIGHT WITH JEFFRIES

Routine of Labor Which Constitutes a Busy Day at His Quarters, Bath Beach, Long Island.

“YANK” KENNY, HIS SPARRING PARTNER, IS KEPT GOING.

The Champion Enjoys His Work and Never Misses a Single Feature of His Programme—Long Walks and Plenty of Activity in the Gym.

The outlook for a fight between “Bob” Fitzsimmons and “Jim” Jeffries is more encouraging than it has been at any time since the articles of agreement were signed. Powerful political influence which the promoters enlisted in the Coney Island Club's behalf resulted last Monday in a license being granted, and while a deviation from the original programme in the matter of the date is rendered necessary in order to get the affair properly and profitably advertised, every other detail will be followed, and the men are training now in a manner which leaves no room for doubt regarding their intentions when they meet on June 9.

While Jeffries is doing his preliminary work at Asbury Park, N. J., Fitzsimmons finds the conditions at Bath Beach, near Coney Island, particularly congenial, and has pitched his training camp there.

Surrounded by his family, upon whom he depends for what relaxation and enjoyment he can get to break the monotony of training, he is working carefully and conscientiously to get himself in shape for the task that is before him. “Fitz” is a man who trains a little all the time and is never really out of shape. He has systematically prepared his body for battle thus far in a somewhat irregular manner, so far as old-time notions and tactics are concerned; but that his methods have been beneficial to him cannot be gainsaid, for he has been in the pink of condition for over a week. His work is worthy of notice by the athlete who would excel in feats of strength and agility, and while it has not been arduous, it has been sufficiently exacting and systematic to try the patience and mettle of men of less fortitude than Fitzsimmons.

Take for example, one day's routine, such as has been, and will be, the work he has laid out for himself, and then determine whether it is not entitled to the nomenclature of “a day's work.” Fitzsimmons rises daily at 6:30, fortifies himself with a sherry-and-egg and then, rain or shine, walks to Coney Island point, about two miles and a half from his domicile, and returns at a good heel-and-toe gait. When he reaches home he prepares for his salt water sponge bath and then lights the fire for his wife, like a model husband. She cooks his breakfast of chops, eggs, boiled potatoes, tea or coffee, after partaking of which he examines his somewhat extensive and frequently vexatious as well as encouraging mail, writes replies thereto, and then reads the morning papers. When he gets through this part of the morning's duties he goes to the stable, where his training paraphernalia is, and begins his muscular exercise by tossing the “medicine ball” with big “Yank” Kenney, his sparring partner, a delicate young person of six feet and 230 pounds in weight. Kenney, though a giant, in reality is no more than a boy in the hands of the champion, who spars, wrestles and literally roughs it with him in the course of the day.

The “medicine ball” is a sphere of stuffed leather, weighing fifteen pounds. This they toss to and fro, under and over, above, below, behind, to develop every muscle of the anatomy in every possible way. From the ball tossing he goes to ball punching, in which, as has been told before, he excels. He beats the ball about fifteen minutes, then he takes a rest, and goes for the “funny fellow,” as “Fitz” calls it. The “funny fellow” is a bag three feet in diameter by four in length, made fast above and below to ceiling and ground by rubber thongs, which yield sufficiently to make a short and sharp recoil whenever the bag is struck hard. This is suspended so as to represent a man's body, as tall as “Fitz” himself, and he goes to work at it just as he would inflict an adversary, with this difference—the ball comes back all the harder and swifter when it is hit hard, whereas the harder a man is hit the slower is his return. “Fitz” believes the “funny fellow” a wonderful agent in body hitting culture, and he goes at it with ardor and earnestness sufficient to win any battle. Then he stops for awhile, until he has recovered from any partial exhaustion which might be consequent on his efforts with the “funny fellow.” When he is ready he takes a spell at the wrist machine, which is an apparatus containing weights, which “Fitz” has to lift often a hundred times by means of rolling the machine with a simple hand-grasp, twisting action. Raising and lowering, according to the task he has set himself, for one hour, he hopes to strengthen his wrists and forearms for the fray. In many respects this, so far, has been the most serious and severe exercise to which he has subjected himself.

After this he spars four rounds with Kinney, strictly according to rules as to time, rests and actions. Then he goes out into the field and “bats the baseball” for an hour, which brings them to dinner time, and they trot home to his house.

After such a morning's work a man may fairly be expected to be entitled to his meat. Having taken a shower bath and an alcohol rub-down he is wolfish in his appetite and could beat his huge Great Dane at the repast. But he, Mrs. Fitzsimmons, Kinney and his son form a little party which is frequently—nay, nearly always—reinforced by the advent of visitors who are invariably compelled to share the hospitality of the blue-eyed, cheery-voiced gladiator. “Fitz” eats plenty of calves' foot jelly and beef tea, drinks two bottles of lager—never any ale—but here the specialties may be

unforeseen happens “Fitz” will be in condition on the eventful day of the meeting to demonstrate that he is still the champion of the world.

Bartenders and saloonkeepers are requested to send in brief paragraphs for the bartenders column on page 14.

CHOYNISKI THINKS HE WAS “DOPED.”  
Some Things About His Fight With McCoy  
Which He Cannot Explain.

Nasty rumors have been floating eastward from the Pacific coast ever since the rather one-sided contest between Joseph B. Choynski and “Kid” McCoy. These stories first involved McCoy and Choynski's second; then the club, McCoy and Choynski, and, finally, McCoy and “Eddie” Greaney. The latter story carried with it a job by which young Choynski, a brother of one of the contestants, was sent away from the ringside for fresh water, when this was wholly unnecessary, in order to give the jobbers time in which to substitute a bottle of whiskey, “salted” with chloral, for the bottle carried to the ringside originally.

Choynski was seen the other day in Chicago, and in a guarded manner confirmed the story of the job. The fair-haired Californian was loth to admit any part of the story of his having been jobbed. He said:

“I dislike very much to register a kick when I lose a fight, but there are some things about my fight with McCoy at San Francisco which I have been unable to explain even to this day. In the first place, I noticed before the fight was very old that the bottle which my seconds were using between rounds was not the same which I brought to the club. This greatly surprised me, but I had no time to figure the change out. Then, again, while I was in the best condition of my life the afternoon of the bout, I felt all ‘tied up’ when I would try to lead for McCoy or block his blows. I didn't feel sick, understand me, but just as though my arms were being held, or as if I were muscle-bound. This was the

## CHALLENGES FOR VARIOUS SPORTS

Matches Suggested by Specialists at All Kinds of Games.

### WHERE ARE YOU, PIANO PLAYERS?

Miss Bijou L. Price, one of the owners of the popular theatrical resort at 172 Orange street, Newark, N. J., challenges any woman over thirty-five years of age to play the piano for thirty-six hours without rest, drink and eat as you please. There is plenty of money behind this challenge, and a half in Newark in which to bring off the match.

### BARTER'S CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.

I, Joseph Buono, will accept the challenge of Frank Ruggio, of Coney Island, on the four latest styles of hair cutting for any amount. If he will meet me at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Monday, June 5, 1899, I will gladly accept any terms he may wish to dictate. Frank Ruggio in 1891 was an apprentice under me, and I will gladly accept the challenge, merely to show the people that I am champion tonsorialist of Coney Island.

### WANTS TO WALK TO 'FRISCO.

ALLENTEW, Pa., May 16, 1899.

DEAR SIR: Would you kindly send me a simple guide to San Francisco. The reason I want it is this. Another young man and myself would like to go there, and the way we want to go is on foot, as far as we can. To each city we get to we would like to get the Mayor's signature, and to each capital city we ask for the Governor's signature. Time is no object to us. I expect our friends will supply us with the necessary means. Trusting you will not cast this aside without giving it a thought I am yours truly, JOHN F. SCHLICHER.

### CHANCE FOR GAME COCKS.

FAIRHAVEN, Wash., May 3, 1899.

DEAR SIR: I have been a constant reader of your valuable paper for ten years and would not be without it. I have a Black Breasted Red that I will pit against any five pound two ounce bird in the world for \$100 to \$200. I also have all of your supplements and they are the finest I ever saw. I can recommend your “Bartender's Guide” to any one. Will send a forfeit any time. Wishing you the compliments of the season I remain, Yours truly, JOHN JACKSON.

### ANOTHER VENTURE SOME MARINER.

MCKINLEY, Me., May 8, '99.

RICHARD K. FOX—SIR: I am interested in going across the ocean in a small open boat so as to be in Paris at the World's Fair.

Will you build me a boat, or hire me right out to go? Let me know how small an open boat I will have to go in. You understand what an open boat is, I suppose, one with no deck.

Let me know full particulars by return mail. Very truly yours, LESLIE I. GOT.

### WANTS HIS PHOTO USED.

PITTSBURG, May 14, '99.

DEAR SIR:—I want to send to your paper a picture of a young fellow that is making a record for himself in the police business, and would like to have same appear in the POLICE GAZETTE, as I have noticed others.

Kindly let me know by return mail how to go about it.

“JERRY” FORD,

21 West Carson Street.

Send photo and record and if he is worthy of the distinction they will appear in the POLICE GAZETTE.

Send in your challenges for this column. Everything goes.

### PUGILISTIC NOTES.

Elwood McCloskey got a terrible whipping at the hands of “Jack” Farrell in fifteen rounds at Wilmington, Del., the other night.

“Denny” Gallagher, the Texas lad, who accompanied “Jack” Scholz to England, is out with a challenge to meet any 126-pound man in Canada.

The outcome for boxing at Hot Springs, Ark., is very good, and Manager H. O. Price would like to hear from first-class boxers desiring to take part in contests.

George Dixon and Tommy White, the clever Chicago boxer, who has two twenty-round draws with Dixon to his credit, will meet June 1 at Denver, where White is very popular.

“Joe” Walcott has been secured to box “Jim” Watts, the colored fighter of Louisville, for twenty rounds at the Louisville Athletic Club on May 29. Walcott is training for the contest at the Lenox Athletic Club, and will be fit for a hard battle.

The story that “Parson” Davies would open a boxing club in Havana turns out to have been nothing more than a pipe dream. The “Parson” has been down to the Cuban capital and looked the ground over. “Prize fights wouldn't pay down there,” he reports. “They are too tame for the Dons. They want to see gore and care nothing for real sport.”

“Dave” Sullivan, the little Irish featherweight, has gone to Denver for the benefit of his health. Sullivan has been troubled with a severe attack of malaria, which he contracted while training for his fight with “Jack” O'Brien, and he has been advised to take a long rest. Theistic constituency in the East are praying that he will make the rest as long as he possibly can.

### A PURSUIT OF PLEASURE

Now ready. One of the most sensational novels ever published. Unique colored illustrations. Translated from the French. Mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

Bartenders, do you know of any New Drinks—Send them in, and you may Win the \$100 Medal



JOHN C. KIRKPATRICK.

President of the Olympic Athletic Club of San Francisco, Cal.

half an hour. At this game “Fitz” is seen to best advantage, and no one who sees him has any doubts of his fitness physically to fight for the championship of the world. Then, in light blankets, he sits on the side of his rubbing cot for a few minutes until he has recovered his breath sufficiently to justify his assault upon a bag with a pair of one-ounce dumbbells, with which he punishes and pounds for six rounds. Subsequently he puts on six-ounce gloves and gives his legs exercise in feinting, side-stepping, advancing, retreating and ducking from little rubber balls thrown at him by his friends. This is a pleasing pastime indulged in for about twenty minutes, which fits them for a visit to the bath, in which “Fitz” and Kenney romp and gambol until they are satisfied.

“Fitz” eats his evening meal with its chicken, calves' foot jelly, beef tea and lager beer, and he lingers at the family board with his folks, frequently an hour and a half, talking over the events of the day, listening to and telling joyful stories. At 7:30 he starts off on his new method of training—his seven-mile evening spin with his dog, a huge animal of the Great Dane species to which “Fitz” is greatly attached. This spin at night, the newest thing in training, terminates the day's exercises. Who shall care to deny that it is a “day's work?” “Fitz” in his training is under the solicitous care of Martin Julian, who acts in an advisory capacity. No mother could be more watchful of her baby than Julian is over the health and interests of his brother-in-law, for whom his admiration surpasses anything else in this world. Unless something

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#### Noted Sporting Men's Pictures

FREE—Elegant half-tone reproductions. Sharkey, Maher, McCoy, Jackson, Dixon, Fitzsimmons, Corbett, etc., given away with POLICE GAZETTE. Next week—EDDIE CONNOLLY. Be sure you get it. For sale by all newsdealers.

first time I was ever troubled in a like manner, and it puzzled me.

“The day after the fight McCoy was examined by a competent physician, and was told that he was in horrible shape and not fit to fight a round. The doctor also told McCoy that that must have been his condition for weeks. Now, if McCoy was in such poor shape when he fought me, how must I have been that I couldn't win from him? Still, I do not want to have any excuses to make for my defeat.

“Let me say a word about the club which pulled off our fight. The manager of the club came to me before the contest and told me I would have to donate \$150 to the newspapers, so they would ‘boost’ the show. I had never done this before, but gave up this time. One of the newspaper men who received \$50 of my \$150 was the loudest in proclaiming the contest a ‘fake,’ the following day. I have never engaged in a ‘fake,’ and fought honestly that day, but, as I say, I was hampered in my efforts to whip my man in some way which I cannot explain at the present time. If I ever fight McCoy again a different story may be told.”

“Patsy” Haley realizes now that the fast pace he has been going was not good for a man in the boxing business, so he is going to Newmarket Junction, N. H., to rest till the fall.

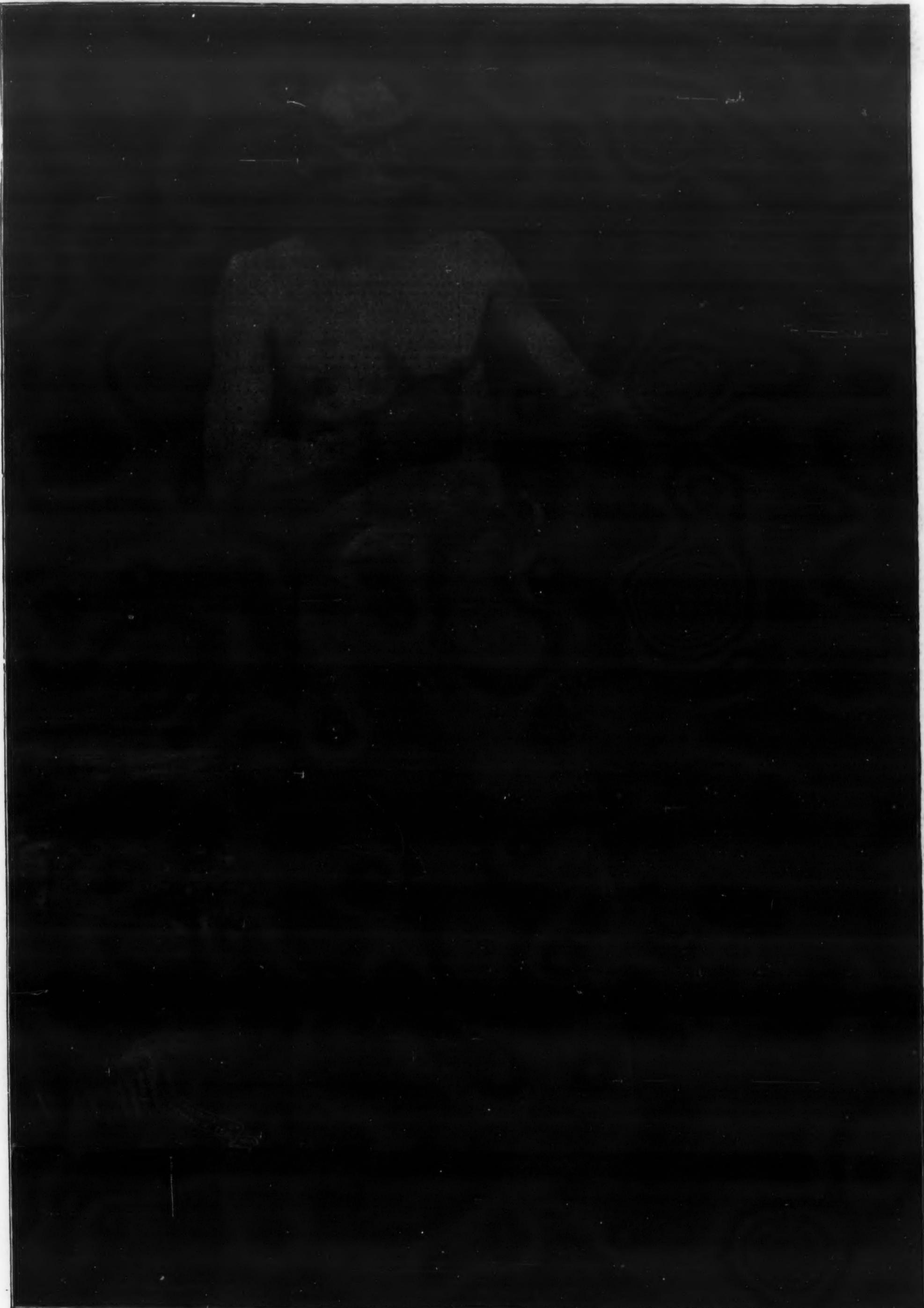
Negotiations are now pending that may result in a match between Mysterious Billy Smith and Charlie Burns, of Cincinnati. A well-known sporting man who is connected with the management of an athletic club is trying to bring about the contest.

The Olympic Athletic Club, the second club to be formed at Denver, Col., as a result of the new prize fight law, has been organized with Bill Masterson, the well-known sporting man, as president. The old Haymarket Theatre is being fitted up for a clubhouse.



"JIM" JEFFRIES.

LATEST ASPIRANT FOR THE POLICE GAZETTE GOLD AND DIAMOND CHAMPIONSHIP BELT.



"BOB" FITZSIMMONS.

CHAMPION HEAVYWEIGHT PUGILIST OF THE WORLD, MATCHED TO FIGHT "JIM" JEFFRIES.

## ANSWERS TO CARD AND SPORTING QUESTIONS

Information Bureau Always at the Disposal of "Police Gazette" Readers in Need of Facts, Dates, Etc.

DON'T HESITATE TO ASK FOR WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW.

No Questions Answered by Mail--All Inquiries Must be Bona Fide--Send Us a Letter, We Cheerfully Reply in This Column.

J. L. D., Chicago.—He did not.  
P. R. J., New York.—Consult a dermatologist.  
P. B., Jersey City.—Not to the writer's knowledge.  
G. C. E., Richmond, Va.—The date side is always head.  
W. G., Chester, Pa.—The photo will be used in its turn.  
J. J. F., Murphysboro, Ill.—Glad to have the portrait. Send it along.  
H. L. S., Fort Keogh, Mont.—Coin values fluctuate. Write to some dealer.  
E. O., Cragin, Ill.—That distinction is reserved for first-class pugilists only.  
P. B., Brooklyn.—What relation is Fitzsimmons to Julian?.....Brother-in-law.  
—Was Corbett knocked out by Fitzsimmons?.....He was counted out.  
O. R., Ft. Duchesne, Utah.—We know of no colored men making book at any race meeting.  
READER, Portland.—What is the middleweight limit?.....156 pounds is the extreme limit.  
H. D. O., ——Has "Joe" Bernstein ever fought "Solly" Smith?.....They never fought.  
Geo. JORDAN, Cripple Creek, Col.—Send corrections. Any that are right will be appreciated.  
C. T. R., Columbus, O.—Inform me if Gardner and Erne fought and who won?....They never fought.  
P. M., Brooklyn.—Is "Kid" McParland a Christian or a Jew?.....He is a Roman Catholic in his religion.  
A. B., Fall River, Mass.—Where did Hegeleman win his last 22-hour foot race?.....Grand Central Palace, New York city.  
J. M., Carbondale.—Was it not seventy-two rounds, London prize ring rules?.....What do you mean? Be more explicit.  
J. S., New Haven.—Did not "Terry" McGovern lose to "Tim" Callahan?.....Yes; on a foul. A typographical error. You are right.  
G. S., Waterbury, Conn.—Was Casper Leon ever champion bantamweight of America? Did he ever fight George Dixon?.....1. No. 2. No.  
BRECHMAN, Louisville, Ky.—1. They were only champions of America. 2. Fitzsimmons and Corbett fought for the world's championship title.  
J. B., East Newark, N. J.—In a limited round contest, A bets B on a decision, but the man A bets on knocks his man out. Who wins?.....A wins.  
N. A. H., Asheville, N. C.—Two men agree to play seven-up; they cut for deal; one gets the ace, the other the eight-spot. Who deals? The high card deals.  
J. J. R., Kansas City, Kan.—Did "Billy" O'Donnell, of Memphis, ever get the decision over Oscar Gardner?.....Yes, at Memphis, Tenn., August 15, 1895.  
P. J. S., Waterbury, Conn.—When was "Kid" McCoy born?.....Born Oct. 17, 1873. This record was taken from the "Police Gazette Annual," price, 10 cents.  
C. R. C., New York.—Can you inform me if a person by the name of Fox or McNamee went to Bridgeport, Conn., to train for a fight?.....We cannot answer.  
J. B. C., Pawtucket, R. I.—Send me the address of Howe & Hummel, lawyers, New York city?.....Centre street, corner of Leonard street, opposite "the Tomb."  
BROOKLYN, New York.—Who won the fight between Charley Burns and Matty Matthews on March 18th?....They did not fight. Jack Dougherty, Matthews' manager, had the fight stopped.  
H. H. F., Groton, Vt.—A and B play poker; A holds ace, nine, seven, six and two of diamonds; B holds king, queen, nine, five and two of clubs. Which wins?.....A has high wins.  
J. B. M., Cleveland, O.—A bet that the population of the city of Cleveland, O., is over 300,000; B bets it is less (at the present time). Who wins?.....Population last census, taken 1890, was 261,855.  
W. P. H., Eveleth, Minn.—The check should be on the line between. Placed where the diagram shows it, it would go between the single 0 and any number the player calls in the first column.  
T. A., New Haven, Conn.—Has the State of Connecticut ever had a club in the National League?.....Hartford, Conn., was a member of the National League in 1876, the year that body was organized.  
M. M., Plaquemine, La.—1. We do not give cigarmakers gratuitous advertising. 2. Some operas sung in French are appreciated most by many. Italian operas are considered best, however, by music lovers.  
S. E., Southampton, N. Y.—Is ex-Recorder Smythe, lately judge of Supreme Court, the judge who sentenced Dr. Buchanan and Carlyle Harris to the electric chair, dead or alive?.....He is alive, and very much alive.  
REALTO, Cincinnati, O.—G and L roll a game of ten pins; G bets L that he won't beat him out 15 pins; at the end of the game the score stands, G 139 and L 154. Who wins?.....L does beat him out 15 pins and wins the bet.  
J. L. D., Quemado, Cuba.—Was John L. Sullivan ever champion of the world? Did he fight a draw with "Jake" Kilkenny at any time?.....1. No, he never was champion of the world. 2. He and Kilkenny never fought a draw.  
READER, ——Tell me the name of the song, "If you have a mother, a sister or a brother, or a father who is getting old and grey".....Never heard the song. Perhaps some of our readers will recall it and furnish the information.  
R. A. M., Leadville, Col.—A bet B that Sharkey whipped Fitzsimmons. Who wins? What was the weight of Dempsey and Fitzsimmons when they met?.....1. Technically A wins. He got the decision. 2. 147½ and 150½, respectively.  
J. D. H., Bedford, Ind.—What is the height of "Jack" Harvey and "Young Sando"? Who is the champion man bag puncher of the world?.....A letter to Prof. Mac Levy at this office will reach him. Each about 5 feet 6½ inches. Bag punching championship is in dispute.  
J. C., Helena, Mont.—Where is "Jack" Downey, of New Jersey; is he in Montana? Where is the original "Mike" Leonard? Can I get a book of the lives of both men?.....1. "Jack" Downey hails from Brooklyn where he is now. 2. Leonard is in Helena, Mont. No lives ever published.  
J. S., San Francisco, Cal.—Is John C. Heenan still living? Where can I get the song which brings in the names of John L. Sullivan and "Jack" Dempsey, and is played to the tune of "The Wearing of the Green"?.....1. No, he died Oct. 25, 1873. 2. Never heard of the song, and do not know publisher's name.  
T. D., Long Island City.—Did "Yankee" Sullivan ever fight John Morrissey? Who broke Morrissey's nose, "Yankee" Sullivan or John C. Heenan?.....We do not answer questions by mail. 1. Yes, "Yankee" Sullivan and Morrissey fought Oct. 12, 1853, at Bowery Corner. 2. "Yankee" Sullivan broke Morrissey's nose.

READER, Cincinnati, O.—What city has the best fire department? What city has the best police department? How many teams does "Ned" Hanlon, president of the Brooklyn Baseball team own, and what are they?.....1. New York city. 2. New York city. 3. He is interested in the Brooklyn and Baltimore clubs. He does not own them, however.  
W. S., New York City.—I want to subscribe to the *Cyclist*, published in England; the subscription for six months in English money is 6 shillings, 6 pence; what would that be in American money, and what would be the best way to send the money?.....Six

swinger of the world? Who of the pugilists is the most powerful in physical strength? Did Hall Adair ever defeat that other Terrible Turk, Yousoff?.....1. Palmer, Dixon, Lavigne, Fitzsimmons, 2. A thousand. 3. George Dixon. 4. They spent it. 5. Rubin. 6. No. 7. Yes, by La Blanche. 8. "Gus" Hill. 9. Sharkey. 10. They claim to have wrestled a draw.

H. F. P., Oakland, Cal.—A raffle for a watch, 50 chances, \$1 per chance; it drifted along for some time, and finally, after 20 chances had been sold, it was decided to have the raffle come off; during its progress, and after three persons had shaken (the third person shaking 43), it was suggested that the remaining 23 blank and unsold chances be shaken for the owner. This was done, and one of the blanks shook 43. Was it right or proper for the 23 unsold chances to be taken into consideration? They were not paid for; they were blank. Should they have been recognized at all? No previous agreement or arrangement; there were but ten of the 28 present.....It was originally understood to be a raffle of 50 chances, the owner had the right to whatever might be the outcome of the twenty-two unsold tickets, the same as a stranger who had purchased twenty-two chances. He assumed the responsibility of the loss, the same as if he had purchased the chances for his own account.

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"MYSTERY" KERWIN WAS EASY.  
"Eddie" Connolly Had Little Trouble in Making Him Stop.

"Jack" Herman's Olympia Club in Buffalo, N. Y., was the scene of a lively battle on May 9 between "Eddie" Connolly of St. John, N. B., and George Kerwin of Chicago. Connolly won in the fourth round of what was to have been a twenty-round bout. Connolly looked like a winner from the start. The Chicago man started to rough it, but Connolly beat him at this game and outlasted him in science, strength and speed. Once each round Connolly sent Kerwin to the floor.

Kerwin was wide open, and Connolly needed no great skill to land as he pleased. The wild rushes and swings of the Chicago pugil were ineffectual. When the fourth round was half done Connolly put a hard left to Kerwin's jaw, and Kerwin put up his hands and shot through the ropes.

His hopeful seconds passed him back into the ring. Kerwin slowly arose to his feet, and succumbed instantly to an easy right

## FLAHERTY MADE GARDNER FIGHT

An Interesting Battle Which Ended in a Draw.

## IT WAS A GOOD DECISION.

"Omaha Kid's" Head Badly Damaged--He Forced the Fighting.

One of the best fights ever seen in the East was participated in by Martin Flaherty of Lowell, Mass., and Oscar Gardner, "the Omaha Kid," on May 12, at the Broadway Athletic Club.

The bout, while fast and interesting, did not meet with the expectations of the spectators, as they hoped to see a rushing encounter from the start. Flaherty did not pursue his well-known rushing tactics, and Gardner did not seem to fight within twenty pounds of himself. He did not show his usual aggressiveness, and was content to work with his left hand, with an occasional cross with his right at close quarters. His failure to try with his right at long range surprised his supporters, and many thought that he was laying for a "sneak" with that left hand that would end the business.

As round after round went by and Gardner failed to win his friends began to wonder at his tameness. He seemed to lack steam and his blows had no apparent effect on the Lowell man. If there was any advantage on either side Gardner had it, but as Flaherty landed hard and often and did considerable leading the decision—a draw—was an eminently fair one.

Gardner came into the ring with his head bandaged, the result of a cut he received in his fight with "Kid" Hogan in Louisville several weeks ago. Flaherty graciously allowed him to wear the bandage during the bout. Gardner was attended by Harry Fisher, Louis Green, Julius Mack and Hugh Arnold. "Pat" Cahill, "Florrie" Barnett, M. Joyce and "Tom" Walsh looked after Flaherty.

Gardner money went begging at 10 to 7. In the absence of "Johnny" White, the club's official referee, "Charlie" White was selected. The match was made at 126 pounds, and both looked to be well up to the limit. Straight Queen'sberry rules prevailed.

Gardner acted peacefully in the first round and permitted Flaherty to do the leading. He did it with considerable success, and landed frequently with his left to the stomach. The Lowell man had the better of the round. Gardner waited with the same tranquility in the second, and tried only with left-hand jabs. Flaherty met the left-handed business with a frequent try with the right, which failed to connect.

Gardner got his bearings in the third and fought more like himself. He got the left to work and got it home to the body and jaw with startling regularity. He tried to draw Flaherty's left guard down, in order to put the right over, but Martin wouldn't be drawn into the trap. Flaherty was busy with right swings and other things, but the "Kid" usually was under them.

Flaherty walked in with both hands in the fourth. He got to the face with heavy right and left swings, and had the "Kid" mixed in his dates for one brief moment. Gardner quite smiling and sailed in to get even; they roughed it on the ropes, and both got to the mark with right and left at close quarters. This round was about even.

Things became livelier in the fifth. Flaherty began with a vicious right that missed. He was brought up sharp with a stiff left that did him no good. He tried again with the same hand, and this time had more luck. The blow landed fair on the jaw and made Oscar go to a clinch. Gardner came back with good effect and the round ended with more roughing on the ropes.

Gardner cut loose with renewed effort in the sixth. He jabbed his left to the face a half dozen times without a return, and had Martin wondering where they were all coming from. Then Flaherty let go with both hands and rushed his man across the ring, but with a neat duck and a smile Oscar got out of Flaherty's way and Martin went nearly through the ropes from his own force.

Gardner's left kept coming Flaherty's way in the seventh. Flaherty missed a vicious swing and got tangled up in the ropes, and Gardner rushed and tried to put him out of the ring with a wicked right, for which he was biffed by the crowd.

Martin mixed it savagely in the eighth. He disarranged Gardner's bandage in his efforts to knock his head off, and Oscar coolly stepped back and ripped the bandage from his brow and went in for more trouble. They got together in another mix-up, and both went down in a dog fall. Nothing doing in the ninth beyond a few harmless exchanges.

The tenth saw Flaherty still trying with both hands. He caught Oscar with a hard left as the latter fighter was going away and put him down. Oscar smiled as if pleased at such courtesies and renewed his efforts with the left and Flaherty went to a clinch.

The eleventh and twelfth were in Gardner's favor, but Martin took all that was coming to him, and got home frequently with his left to the body and an occasional right to the jaw.

It was a pretty even thing from the twelfth to the eighteenth. In this round Flaherty ripped his right over and opened the old wound over Gardner's eye, from which the blood flowed freely. This seemed to make Gardner redouble his efforts, and the way he crashed his left to the Lowell man's face made the latter fighter weary.

They broke about even in the three succeeding rounds, but in the twenty-second Gardner again took a decided lead. He kept his hand left at work on the other man's face and managed to get his right over to the right spot.

The last three rounds found Gardner still forcing, but Flaherty was ever ready with a vicious try with both hands that often reached its mark. At the end both were fighting strong, and the referee decided it a draw.

In the preliminary bout Billy Barrett, of New York, got the decision over Patsy Haley.

## TONKINS PASSED IT UP.

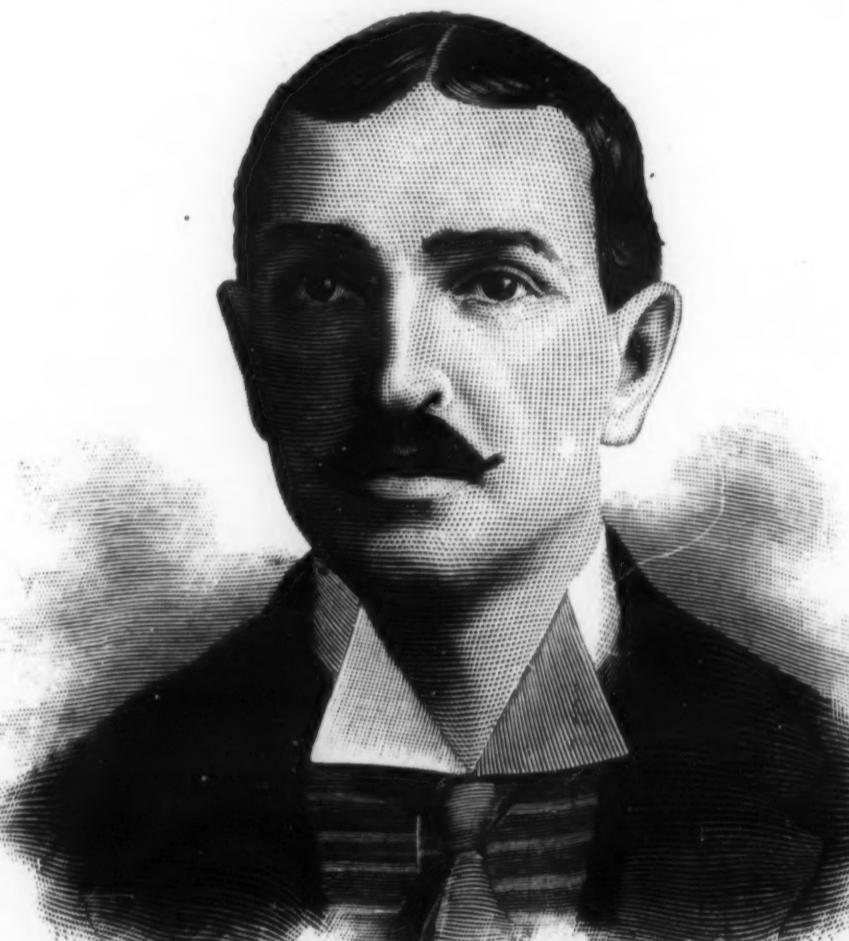
"Sam" Tonkins, of Astoria, who was thought at one time to have a look in for lightweight championship honors, made a lamentable showing at the Pelican A. C., of Greater New York, on May 6, when "Kid" Carter practically knocked him out in eight rounds of what was to have been a twenty-round affair. Tonkins refused to respond at the call of time, and Referee Frank Herald awarded the fight to Carter. For six rounds it was give and take with Carter slightly in the lead. In the seventh Carter had Tonkins on his knees twice, and the third time Tonkins was all but out when the gun saved him.

The first bout, which proved the best of the evening, was between "Dan" Moore and "Jim" Burke, both of New York, ten rounds at 130 pounds. This proved a slashing affair. The men were evenly matched and fought about the same way. The referee declared the bout a draw.

The second bout was of short duration. "Jack" Kelly was pitted against "Kid" Walsh for eight rounds at 112 pounds. Kelly went right at his man, and put him out in one minute and fifty seconds of the first round. It was Kelly's first professional fight.

## ALL THE COMPLETE RECORDS

Of sport of every kind up to December 31, 1898, will be found in the POLICE GAZETTE SPORTING ANNUAL for 1899. Price, 10 cents each. All newsdealers or mailed direct from this office.



"FRED" B. HALL.

Champion Fancy Pool and Billiard Shot of America.

shillings, six pence is \$1.63 in United States money; better by an exchange order.

I. S., New York.—A bets B that George Dixon was knocked out by "Kentucky Roebud." He says that he was not knocked out, because the fight was continued after the knockout, but A bet plainly that George Dixon was knocked out. Who wins?.....It was not a fight. It was an exhibition, and Dixon continued the bout after he recovered. A wins.

FENIAN, New York.—The Fenians made but one raid into Canada, date, June 1, 1866. Commander Col. O'Neill crossed Niagara river at Buffalo from 1,200 to 1,500 strong. Another Fenian force assembled on Canadian frontier May 24, 1870, but did not cross. A Fenian expedition assembled at Eastport, Me., in April, 1866, but the colored lad carried considerable superfluous flesh.

Broad forced the fighting at the start and for ten rounds did fully as well as the champion, blocking the latter's leads beautifully and coming back fast and strong. Dixon's left was cut in the fifth and bled freely. Broad's left arm was badly hurt in the eleventh and bled. Broad could not use it to advantage thereafter.

Dixon showed all his old time cleverness, but not his usual speed. His famous rushes that won for him his present title were conspicuous by their absence. He made the pace for the last half of the distance, and Referee McBride declared him the winner, although the crowd insisted on having it a draw. Dixon's margin was not a large one.

Some clever bartender will be the proud owner of the \$100 POLICE GAZETTE gold medal this fall. See page 14.

## WOULDN'T FIGHT FOR GLORY.

There was a lot of disappointed sports at the Three-Mile House, near Baiton, Mont., one night last week. An "eight-round glove contest" between "Ike" Hayes of Montana and "Jack" Douglass of St. Louis was advertised to take place there. About fourteen sports, at \$1 a head, attended. There were about seventy others, classed as backers, seconds, bottle holders, etc., who paid nothing. The pugilists viewed the box office receipts and then declared that they would not fight for \$14.

"However, we will give a sparring exhibition for the money," said one of the principals.

"Well, go ahead and give us something!" yelled the fourteen whose boxes were in the hands of the referee. Those who were out shoe leather and hack hair came home disgusted. The sheriff's officers were on the ground after the sparring contest began, but as it was a purely harmless set-to, no arrests were made.

# FITZ AND JEFFRIES WILL FIGHT

Arrangements All Completed for the Big Battle to Take Place at Coney Island, N. Y., on June 9.

ARTICLES SIGNED, BOTH MEN IN TRAINING AND ALL REQUISITE DETAILS ARE FINISHED.

Well, the Coney Island Sporting Club succeeded in getting its license to give public boxing contests, and unless something of an unforeseen character crops up at the eleventh hour "Bob" Fitzsimmons and "Jim" Jeffries will fight at the clubhouse-by-the-sea on June 9, that date having been subsequently agreed upon at a meeting of the interested parties held on Wednesday.

Only those who are closely allied with theistic situation in Greater New York and with the interests and personages involved can properly understand what transpired to influence the authorities to reconsider their determination not to grant a license to the club. The most strenuous efforts were made, the most powerful political influences invoked, deals had to be framed up and promises exacted; the very fabric of the municipal government was at one time on the verge of being disrupted by reason of the violent antagonism of certain powerful political influences which were at work for and against the club. The edict had gone forth that Fitzsimmons and Jeffries were not to fight here, and a confirmation of the order occurred when the Board of Police Commissioners made an exception of the club in refusing to even consider its application for a permit.

The action of the potential power which disapproved of granting the license angered certain political leaders and inspired no little enmity among them. Harmony could only be brought about by exercising much care and caution, and it was only after certain concessions exacted by the people in control of the Lenox and Broadway Clubs were granted that the latter agreed to authorize the authorities to grant the license.

The action of the Board of Police Commissioners came as a complete surprise to W. A. Brady, Martin

prodigious amount of pounding Jeffries can take, and Jeffries knows what a lot of pounding "Fitz" can give, consequently there is no shirking of work at either place. They are both hard as steel already, but still keep up their walking, running, bag-punching and sparring, and it will continue so until the day before the battle.

Very few bets have been made as yet, but some money has been put up and more offered on Fitzsimmons at 2½ to 1.

There'll be a great gathering of "harps" at the Lenox Athletic Club some night next month, when "Mike" Morrissey, the latest of the line of Irishistic heroes, fights Peter Maher for the distinction of being called "champion of Ireland," a title which nowadays, when fighters are so scarce in the tight little island, is of no more importance, and conveys but little more significance than that of champion of Hawaii.

However, Morrissey is here, he claims to be a fighter and may be he is; he certainly looks like one. He was originally intended for "Tom" Sharkey, but the latter wanted a vacation, and has gone to California, leaving the field open to Maher, who lost no time in grabbing at the chance to fight his countryman.

"Champion of Ireland" is the one title that Maher cherishes as his own, and he will brook no rivalry for its possession. When he learned that Morrissey had usurped his claim, "Payther" felt the "Donnybrook" boiling within him, and away down deep in his heart he thanked Sharkey for going away so that he could get the first crack at the presumptuous Tipperary man.

Speaking of Maher, I am reminded of an old sport who kept a mixed-ale growler joint on the East side and who was looked upon as an oracle by his patrons. One night, when Maher was fighting, the old fellow laid away his apron and transferred the responsibility of drawing "pints" to "Young Timmy," and hid himself away to the club house to see his celebrated countryman shape up.

While he was gone, Maher's capabilities as a pugilist occasioned many a warm discussion between the dealers in a game of "forty-fives" that was going on in the back room. The argument became very heated, and at one time it looked as if the "cope" would have to be called in to quell the disorder, until one "turk," with more wisdom than pugnacity, quieted the proceedings by remarking:

"Shure, wait now 'till Moike comes home, 'nd he'll tell us how much of a foighter Payther is."

Along comes "Mike" after a while. There was a thoughtful look on his face and his "galways" bristled with anger when he heard about the row in the back room. He deferred making any reference to the fight he had witnessed until he had drawn a few "high hats" and placed them on the bar in front of the group of anxious customers, who stood with awe waiting for the oracle to speak. Finally one "harp" ventured to say:

"Cum now, Moike, tell us, is he a great man?"

"Mike" took a pull at the bunch of "spinach" under his chin, looked thoughtfully for a minute at a faded colored reproduction of the famous scene on the Curragh of Kildare, on that eventful morning when the original champion of Ireland fought the best man in England, and then, in a manner which indicated that his expectations had not been realized, said:

"Shure he has a fine big fight, but Donnelly was a better foighter."

"Dan" Creedon is determined not to let "Joe" Walcott get away with any too much credit for defeating him in one minute and fifteen seconds, and ever since the memorable night when he went down from the force of one of "Joe's" punches on the jaw he has been scheming to get on another match. Only the assurance of a \$2,500 side bet would satisfy Walcott's backer before he would even consider the proposition. "Phil" Dwyer, the noted horseman, who is a great admirer of the clever Australian, agreed to provide the promised stake money, and with this in hand Creedon reopened the negotiations with the result that another match was made to take place in New York city on June 27.

Creedon, who realizes that another defeat by Walcott will relegate him to a place among the "has beens," has gone to his old training quarters at Lovell's Inn, Oceanic, N. J., to prepare for the battle. In some respects he looks upon Walcott's victory over him in the light of a joke. He says he was laughing at the latter's funny antics in the ring when he got the punch which settled him. He says he'll do more fighting and less laughing next time.

If all the reports are true the little town of Laclachache in British Columbia is the hottest sporting place on the map. One enthusiastic admirer of the POLICE GAZETTE, who is anxious that the town should have the distinction it deserves—an occasional notice in the columns of the greatest paper on earth, and that's no kid—writes me that "after a big prize fight the sports drink champagne out of wooden buckets and wind up with a Bacchanalian dance."

Some idea of what constitutes "a big prize fight" and the bacchanalian revelries which invariably follow it, according to Laclachache custom, may be gathered from reading the following picturesquely colored account furnished by our correspondent:

"Tar Flat" Brown, of San Francisco, and "Jack" O'Flaherty, of Cork, Ireland, met in the ring on Coney

## MEASUREMENTS OF FITZSIMMONS.

Age.....	37 years.
Feet. Inch.	
5	11½
Neck.....	16
Chest, normal.....	41
Chest, inflated.....	44
Biceps.....	12
Forearm.....	11½
Waist.....	32
Armspread.....	73½
Wrist.....	6½
Weight in condition.....	168 pounds.

Julian, Aleck Brown and the other Coney Island Club officials, who had about resigned all hope of getting the permit, and the managers of Fitzsimmons and Jeffries had already opened negotiations with a view to holding the fight elsewhere.

With the granting of the permit the necessity of a postponement of the fight from the original date, May 26, was apparent, and a conference was held between the principals, their respective managers and the representatives of the Coney Island Club.

As a result of the meeting Fitzsimmons and Jeffries will meet on the afternoon of Friday, June 9, at 3 o'clock, or as near that time as it will be possible to get the men into the ring.

May 30 was first mentioned as the probable date of the contest, and for a time it looked as though the big fellows would come together on Decoration Day. Brady and Julian were willing to have the fight take place on that day, but the club management did not think it a desirable date, as many of those desiring to witness the contest would be out of town.

After some little discussion, it was finally deemed advisable to postpone the contest two weeks from the original date, May 26, to give the club ample time to get things into shape. This will also give the fighters considerably more time to prepare for the fight than they anticipated.

The prices to be charged for admission to the fight will be from \$5 to \$25, according to the location of the seats. The box seats will be the choice section of the house. As the fight will take place in the daytime, pictures will be taken of the contest. A new machine has been invented especially for this event, and, if the present scheme is carried out, the kinetoscope employed will accomplish its work without the aid of sunlight, thus saving the time and labor that were to have been expended in removing the club house roof.

The inventors of the picture machine intend to use a powerful electric light, which will have the same effect as daylight upon the object to be photographed. This will prevent any possible postponement, whether the elements are favorable or not.

The Fitzsimmons-Jeffries twenty-five round bout will not be the only event to be decided on June 9. The management of the Coney Island Club is negotiating for another limited round bout for the night of the big fight.

George Slier, who refereed the famous battle between "Jim" Corbett and "Bob" Fitzsimmons at Carson City, will act in the same capacity in the coming fight.

The conference held recently was the first official action taken by those connected with the fighters or club since the commissioners issued the license. Before that they refused to discuss the probability of a meeting here, but, now that the license has been granted, the danger is passed, and they are ready to go as far as the law will permit. The fact that the big fellows will try conclusions in this vicinity has added considerable interest to the contest, and there is much speculation as to the probable outcome.

Fitzsimmons, who has not been over sanguine regarding the outlook for fighting the Californian, was jubilant when he learned that all the arrangements had been completed. He said:

"I am glad the Police Commissioners have sanctioned the Coney Island Sporting Club, thus allowing my contest with Jeffries to take place in this vicinity. It has always been my desire to box a good man in the East, as I have never had the opportunity to appear before local admirers in a ring contest for points. Our contest will be a purely scientific one, and as I feel better now than ever before, I expect to carry off the honors when I meet the Californian in the ring. I am just as fast on my feet and am much stronger than in my previous contests. The fact that the battleground was not selected at an earlier date than this will have no effect on the match. I am ready to enter the ring according to our schedule, but it is possible that the date will be advanced a little to make final business arrangements. I was willing to go West or any place else on earth rather than let Jeffries escape. He is a big fellow, but it will be all over with him after our contest."

Jeffries spoke in much the same strain.

"The fact that the Coney Island Sporting Club obtained a license is a great relief to me," he said. "Ever since I signed articles to meet Fitzsimmons I have been kept in the dark in regard to the location of the battleground. The action taken by the Police Commissioners settles this fact and throws some light on the subject."

"It is a pleasure to know I will meet my opponent in the East. The facilities for getting into shape are better here."

"Although the location of the arena where we will battle was in doubt, I have prepared for the contest without any thought of it being postponed. I knew that if Fitzsimmons was as anxious to fight as myself, nothing could prevent us from fighting it out in the West, and I trained accordingly."

"As a result of my few weeks of active training I am in excellent condition and prepared to fight at a moment's notice. I am just as confident as ever of defeating Fitzsimmons, and think I will be the next heavyweight champion without a doubt. Those who witnessed my performance with Armstrong, when I fought nine rounds with a broken hand, will see a new Jeffries when I face the champion."

An air of serious business pervades the training quarters of both the pugilists. Fitzsimmons knows what a

## MEASUREMENTS OF JEFFRIES.

Age.....	23 years.
Feet. Inch.	
6	1
Height.....	17½
Neck.....	43½
Chest, normal.....	42
Chest, deflected.....	48
Biceps.....	16
Forearm.....	12½
Waist.....	35
Armspread.....	76½
Wrist.....	7½
Weight in condition.....	213 pounds.

Island, Laclachache, B. C., Sunday afternoon, April 16, in a bloody encounter for a purse of \$2,000. Fifty rounds were fought, when Brown was for the last time laid flat. The fight lasted four hours. Both men were severely punished, but both displayed great staying qualities. The evening after the big fight was over the crowd got together in Somers Hall and had a great powwow. Champagne was drunk from a wash tub out of wooden buckets. The winners held what is called a Bacchanalian or wine dance. It was accompanied by the most astounding and sensational effects. The lamps were turned low, loud gongs played dismally, cymbals clashed, the hall was illuminated by vivid red, blue and green fires, among which pistols were discharged and shrieks were heard in various parts of the room. Never was a madder scene enacted in real life than was witnessed at Laclachache's Bacchanalian dance."

Vivid as my imagination is—at times—I confess to my utter inability to fully appreciate the grandeur of the picture. I have been unable to get beyond the champagne and wooden bucket episode. I'll have to do a little more with the "long draw" to get my mind in a proper receptive condition, I guess.

SAM C. AUSTIN.

GREAT HALFTONE SUPPLEMENT NEXT WEEK—EDDIE CONNOLLY, OF ST. JOHN, N. B.



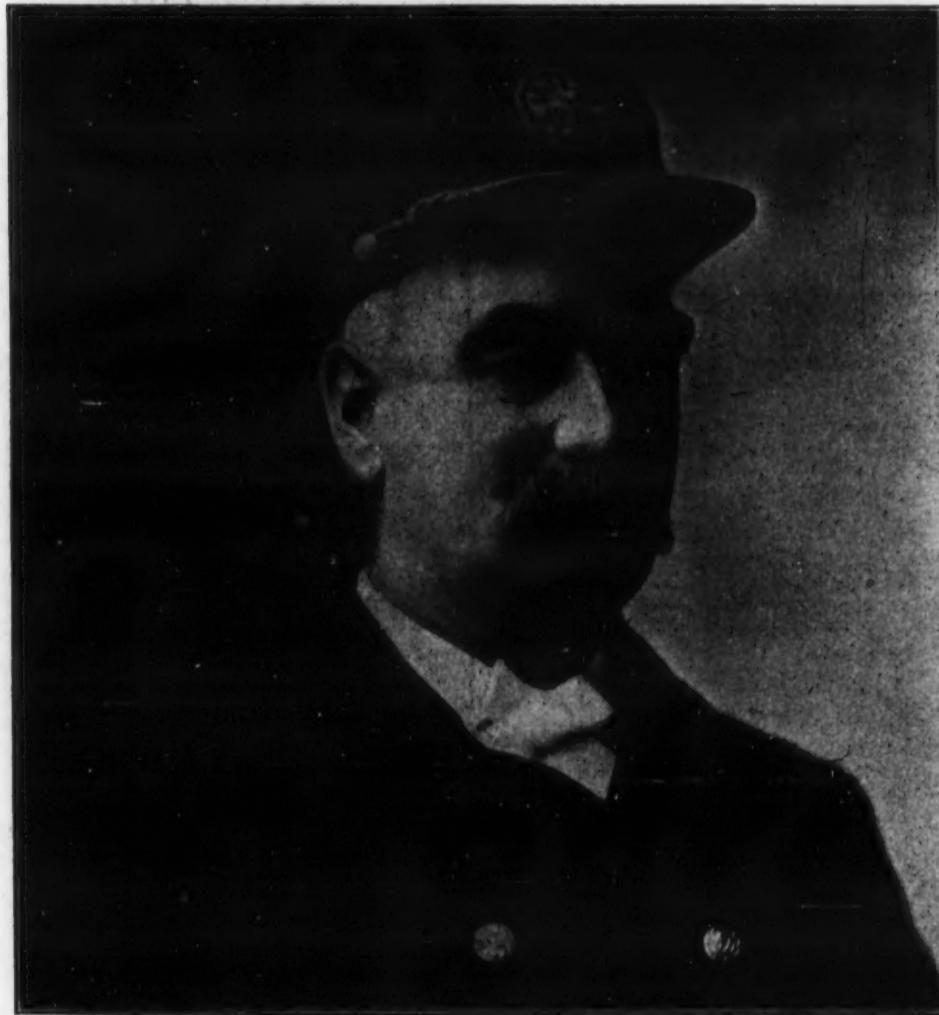
*Photo by Jones & Lotz, San Francisco.*

**JOSEPH P. HARRIS.**  
AN ADVANCE AGENT WHOSE WORK HAS MADE HIM POPULAR.



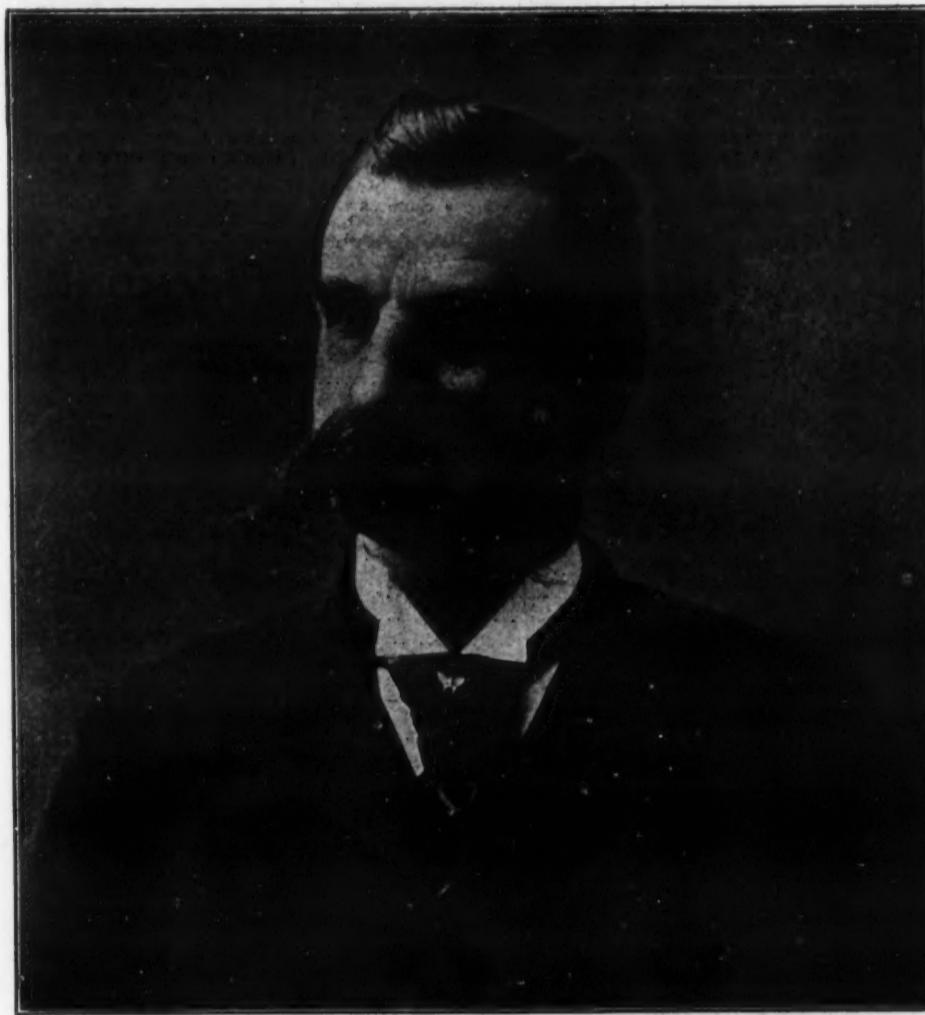
**THE THREE HARRISES.**

SKETCH ARTISTS AND BUCK DANCERS WHO HAVE MADE A GREAT HIT WITH THEIR CLEVERLY WRITTEN ACT.



*Photo by Stamp, Elmira, N. Y.*

**J. A. CAMPBELL.**  
AS CHIEF OF THE ELMIRA, N. Y., FIRE DEPARTMENT HE HAS MADE A GOOD RECORD.



*Photo by Simon, New Orleans.*

**D. S. GASTER.**  
HE IS THE POPULAR SUPERINTENDENT OF THE NEW ORLEANS, LA., POLICE DEPARTMENT.



**MOUNG CHIT.**

THEY ARE AT PRESENT ENGAGED IN GIVING A WONDERFUL EXHIBITION OF ORIENTAL DEXTERITY AT KOSTER & BIAL'S.



**MOUNG TOON.**



*Photo by Hall, New York.*

**T. HAWKES.**  
WELL-KNOWN THEATRICAL MANAGER OF THE TWO ORIENTALS.



ARTHUR AKERS.  
ONE OF ENGLAND'S CLEVEREST FIGHTERS.



"DICK" THOMAS.  
SIX-DAY PEDESTRIAN OF GREENSBURG, PA.



JAMES DEAN.  
WILL REPRESENT BOSTON IN SIX-DAY RACE.



CAPT. G. MELVILLE BOYNTON.  
WOULD THE COLORS OF "OLD GLORY" IN HIS FAMOUS TRAMP  
THROUGH SPAIN DURING THE LATE WAR.



J. E. ANDREWS.  
WHO HAS ACCOMPLISHED SOME WONDERFUL LONG AND HIGH  
JUMPING FEATS ON ICE SKATES.

## BARTENDERS ARE AFTER THE MEDAL

Great Interest Manifested in the "Police Gazette" \$100 Trophy.



"Terry" I. Lee, who is one of the best known bartenders in Brooklyn, N. Y., looks after the interests of "Terry" McGovern's saloon at Seventeenth street and Third avenue. "Terry" is somewhat of a boxer himself like his famous little cousin, and he can make many a good man hustle. He has his eye on the \$100 "Police Gazette" medal for bartenders, and he has a place on his vest he thinks it would fit. Incidentally it might be mentioned that "Terry" McGovern has taken "Terry" Lee as a partner in his saloon.

### THAT \$100 GOLD MEDAL.

The Trophy Mr. Richard K. Fox, of the Police Gazette, Offers to Bartenders.

The bartender who sends to the POLICE GAZETTE office between now and October 1 the best recipe for an original mixed drink will receive the magnificent "Police Gazette" trophy, valued at \$100. The competition will be judged by three well-known New York experts, whose names will be announced later.

Send in your recipes now, and a few will be printed every week, with your names and address attached. Get an advertisement for nothing. Proprietors of saloons are also invited to compete.

Send in your portraits for publication in the POLICE GAZETTE. They will be returned after they have been published.

### GOSSIP OF BARTENDERS

The Birdsong Brothers own one of the finest saloons in Macon, Ga.

Theodore Storms, whose saloon is on Neptune avenue, Coney Island, likes to dabble in politics.

Harry Thorpe, of the Sea Beach Palace, Coney Island, can always be relied on to mix a good drink.

Photographs of bartenders are solicited for the POLICE GAZETTE. They will be returned after publication.

Rudolph Fischer, of the Christo Hotel, Coney Island avenue, is one of the best bartenders on the Island.

John Ersinger, who was at one time a clever jockey, is tending bar at Bader's Hotel, Boulevard, Coney Island.

George Swaggert is the owner of a popular saloon on Third street and Sheepshead Bay Road, Coney Island.

Martin Rusher, of "Ben" Cohen's Hotel, Surf avenue, Coney Island, has his eye on the "Police Gazette" medal.

Peter Ravenhoe, who keeps a fine place at Gravesend, N. Y., is one of the best known of the Coney Island sports.

"Benny" Murphy, the once clever lightweight, is tending bar at Stabenbord's Hotel, at Surf avenue and Eighth street, Coney Island.

Frank F. Ahrens, of the famous Elton Cafe, 722 Elton avenue, New York city, is one of the best known sporting men in the city.

George Cooney and Frank Seeler are a couple of the good fellows behind the bar at "Johnny" Reagan's popular Brooklyn, N. Y., saloon.

A. J. Rudsdil has one of the finest sporting saloons in the country at La Crosse, Wis. The walls are covered with POLICE GAZETTE supplements.

J. E. Foley, proprietor of Foley's Place, of Xenia, O., is one of the best known sporting men in that city and an admirer of the POLICE GAZETTE.

Ernest Williams, who is behind the bar at the Rapid Transit Hotel, Ocean Boulevard, Coney Island, knows all that is worth knowing about mixed drinks.

"Joe" Watson, head bartender for Peter Quinn, at 511 Sixth avenue, New York city, is one of the best drink mixers in the city. He was formerly at the Hoffman House.

Charles Culkin, "Phil" Hendricks, Paul Sands and William Donaldson, four of the best men in the business, draw trade to McKeever's Hotel, Christopher and West streets, New York city.

Arthur Shaffer, who assists his father, "Dick" Shaffer, at the Good Luck Hotel, Ninth avenue and Twentieth street, South Brooklyn, is an enthusiastic

cyclist and can often be seen on the Coney Island cycle path.

Fred Kramer, head bartender at the Concord Cafe, Washington and Nassau streets, Brooklyn, is a first-class bowler.

Harry Newberg, who tends to the bar at the Grand Central, Ocean Boulevard, Coney Island, is popular with the bicyclists.

Frank J. McQueeney, who officiates at Christy's Hotel, President and Hicks streets, Brooklyn, is an artistic mixer of drinks and is popular among the boys.

A. Loeffler's Sons, of St. Mary's Hotel, Willis avenue and One Hundred and Forty-Eighth street, New York, are well known bowlers, caterers and all-round sports. This hotel is a Bronx landmark.

John M. Parr, Jr., of 1214 East Townsend street, Baltimore, Md., is a well-known sporting man and politician of the Monumental City. His photograph will appear in the POLICE GAZETTE in a short time.

Col. August Schwarzer, of the Rough Riders, is a happy man again, now that the bicyclists are out in force. He is providing a good entertainment at his Blue Ribbon Cafe, Fifth avenue and Nineteenth street, New York City. Prof. Tom Carr leads the orchestra.

### SUMMER DRINK—M'GOVERN COBBLER.

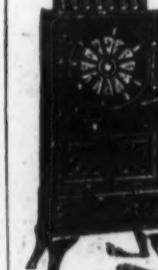
(By "Terry" Lee.)

Take a goblet and frost it.  
One-half bottle of soda,  
About seven dashes of lemon,  
Mix well.  
Eight dashes creme de menthe, which is  
floated to the bottom of glass.  
Claret floated on top of soda.  
Decorate with slice of orange and straw-  
berry.  
Finish off with sprigs of mint.  
Served with a straw.

This is the first recipe to be received at the POLICE GAZETTE office in the bartenders contest, and it looks like a good one.

### SLOT MACHINES.

**No do we and we are not afraid to quote prices either. Our SIX-SLOT**



### PUCK OR UNCLE SAM

which is practically the same machine only a different dial, in Antique Oak or Mahogany cases, delivered to any part of the United States. We have a few of the MILLS' OWLs for sale; little used; cheap. Our PUCC or UNCLE SAM \$100.00 each. The World's Novelty Co., 106 West 102d Street, New York.



### WE STILL LEAD

Our SIX-SLOT PUCC, Entirely Automatic. Pays all rewards in money from 10 cents to \$2.00. Self registering Indicator. Beautiful 90-space cut-glass dial. We guarantee each machine One Year.

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### SLOT MACHINES.

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picture nickel slot machine with series of acts, etc.

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New catalogue of CLUB ROOM & FAIR GROUND GOODS.

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Frank J. McQueeney, who officiates at Christy's Hotel, President and Hicks streets, Brooklyn, is an artistic mixer of drinks and is popular among the

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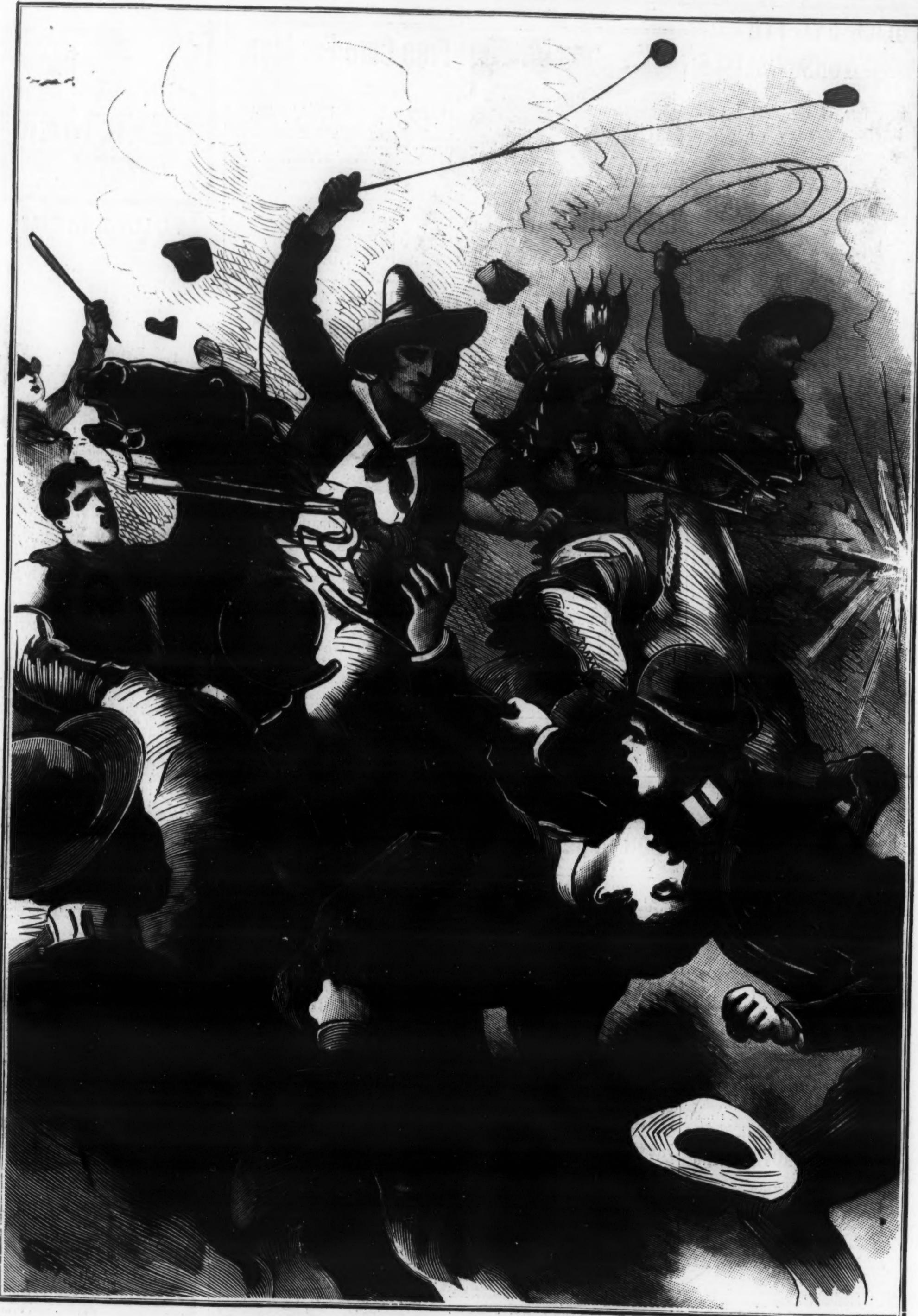
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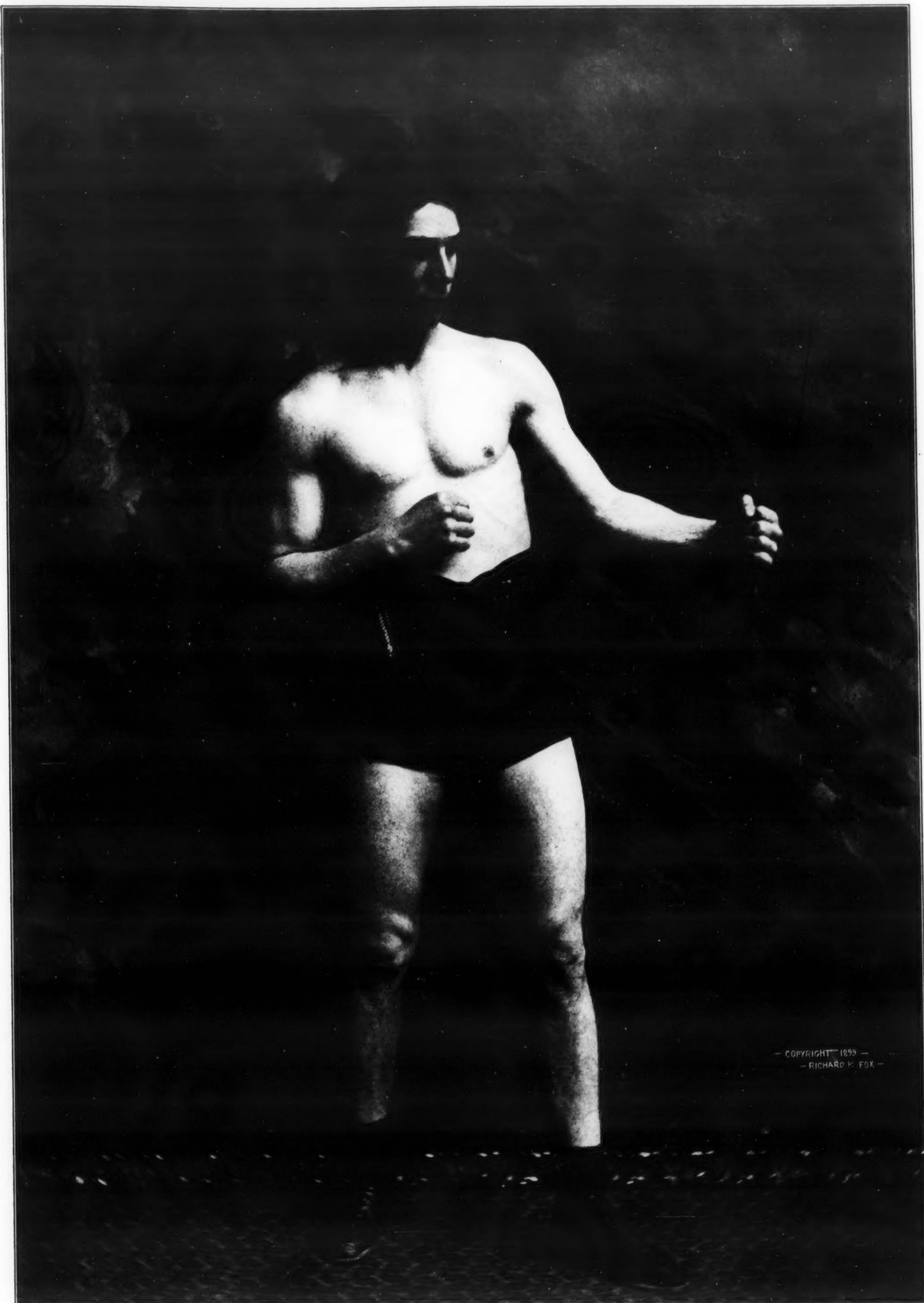




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